# NOTES FROM LONDON. MR GLADSTONE AND SOCIETY-PAULINE-

MRS, BERNARD-BEERE, (FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

LONDON, June 8,

You observed lately with reference to the social
pressure against Mr. Gladstone that he seemed to

be in pretty good company on a certain Saturday night at Mrs. Charles Wilson's in Grosvenor Square. No doubt he was, yet even at Mrs. Wilson's prejudice made itself felt. The house is a good one if not one of the best or "smartest" in London, The dinner had been made for Mr. Gladstone. The party was to some extent political; given, that is, to further the interests of the Liberals or Gladstonians; most of the guests must have gone knowcharacter of the entertainment to which ey had been invited. But what happened? Uhere came a period when Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were left almost to themselves. They sat alone or nearly alone at one end of a long large room. Between them and the rest of the crowded company avas a broad vacant space which for a long time nobody crossed. The friend who gives me this account adds that the intention of the majority to avoid the Gladstones was obvious. Now and then a well-known lady crossed the empty floor and sat down by them in a friendliness of spirit which perhaps made the general unfriendliness more conspicuous than before.

These social expressions of political antagonism are not precisely new in English public life, but they are unusual. If Mr. Gladstone chose to turn them to account he might add something to his popularity with those masses, or, without appealing to the masses, he might provoke a considerable demonstration from the middle classes who have been the strength of Liberalism in its darkest days. They know little about Society. They have contrived to exist, and they have grown rich and strong without help or favor from the fashionable world. Whey would think its attitude toward Mr. Liladstone impertinent, and as those who adopt it hre members for provincial constituencies the provinces might make their protest against this form of prejudice an effective one. But Mr. Gladstone, I am sure, if he is aware of the state of things, would prefer that no notice should be taken of the animosity thus shown him. If it is to continue, the tolerance which has been the boast of Englishmen will be at an end. Society will be divided, as it is in France, into camps, and to pass from one to the other will be deemed an act of treachery. Whig houses and Tory houses there have always been, but never in recent times has there been an impassable gulf between them. If the Tories like to dig one, they may perhaps have a majority with them, but the social life of England will never again be the same.

It is, at the moment, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy which has provoked the outburst of bitterness against him. Formerly it was his foreign policy; then his Irish Land bill. The propertied classes have telt themselves in danger more than once, and they have resented it, or some of them have, by a form of social ostracism. When the Westminster sold (at a profit) his Millais portrait of Gladstone, the act was applauded in ociety as a deserved indignity to a leader whom the Duke and his friends looked upon as something worse than a lost leader. Social reaction was then in full swing. I don't like to mention names, but everybody in London would know who is meant when I say that one family of high rank and of the very highest social position and prestige was driven out of London last year at the height of the season by this persecution of neglect and avoidance. Only yesterday "The Times" made it an nrticle of charge against Mr. Gladstone that he had asked Mr. Justin McCarthy to dinner-a charge not made, it is true, because Mr. McCarthy is a Home Ruler, but because he is one of the owners of "United Ireland," and because, according to "The ll'imes," shares in that paper were paid for with money collected for the express purpose of blowing up and burning English towns. This dinner occurred some weeks ago, and I said at the time that persons of fashion were amazed that even Mr. biladstone should have Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Sulliwan at his table. It was then a matter of private comment; it has now become a topic of public Nor does this angry temper of the fashionable world soften as time goes on. It hardens, and the signs of it are more and more widely visible as the controversy drags on.

A reprint of Mr. Browning's "Pauline" has been issued. Students know, and collectors know still better, perhaps, that "Pauline" was Mr. Browning's is of exceeding rarity. Only the few, and the rich few, may hope to possess a copy For the poorer, and not for too many of them this reprint (an edition of 400) may answer, or must answer. A single copy of the original now costs nearly as much as the whole original edition cost Mr. Browning to publish. It was then and long after then his fashion to print his poems at his own charge. The publishing fraternity did not care to take the risk. "Pauline" came out anonymously. Browning then just twenty-one years of age or in his twenty-first year. Mr. Thomas J. Wise, who piously edits the reissue, describes the original as a large old-fashioned volume of three sheets, its pages measuring when uncut 7 3-4 by 4 7-8 inches, and he certifies that in all respects save the paper. which it has been found impossible to match exactly, the present reprint may be considered a very good and precise representation of it. A passage from Mr. Wise's Prefatory Note may be worth

"Of course the poem is to be found in Mr. Brown ing's collected works (vol. 1, pp 1-41), where all who will may read it; but to myself and doubtless my fellow members of the Browning Society, there is a sentiment attaching to the torm in which a book of this description first ap s perused in another dress; and therefore, failing original, we are only too glad of the opportunity of providing ourselves with a good likeness is in this sentiment that the true book lover finds his pleasure, and not in the mere massing together of many volumes simply because they are 'curious' or 'scarce.' as persons who are not collectors frequently suppose."

The original title is "Pauline; A Fragment of a

Plus ne suis ce que jai ete. Et ne le scauvois jamais etre marot. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street,

It can hardly be needful to say that the present reprint has Mr. Browning's sanction. Mr. Wise is too loyal a disciple to de aught against the wish of his teacher. But it is interesting to know that the volume is executed from Mr. Browning's own copy

of his own poem.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere is the latest example of what seems to me a notable tendency toward improvement in English acting. This lady was once more remarkable for a certain rough vigor of method than for anything else. She has a powerful and very deep voice, a large physique, large features, a large manner. All these endowments she formerly used with none too much consideration for the just susceptibilties of her audience. Then came the Federa episode. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was acting Sardou's heroine at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris, and it occurred to Mrs. Bernard-Beere to go to Paris and see how it was done. She went, sat night after night in a stall near the stage, and studied. Mme. Sarah was good natured and coached Result, Mrs. Beere her a little in private. ared one night before the astonished public of appeared one night before the accounterfeit presentment of the hwoman but on an enlarged scale. The usual effect of enlarging a photograph is to bring out deferts more clearly, and this was no exception to the rule. Mrs. Beere had copied with not much more discretion than the camera itself, and with far less lidelity. The resemblance was striking, not flattering but it sufficed to give Mrs. Beere a celebrity mere originality might have failed to secure her. Six weeks later the likeness to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had grown much fainter, but the lesson

Mrs. Beere had learned left a permanent mark. Since then Mrs. Beere has played with varying fortunes, and not till the other day was she enabled to renew the sensation of earlier days in Fedora She took the Opera Comique in obedience to that law which impels so many English actresses to become their own managers. It is perhaps the least desire

ble theatre in London, and its history is a history of failures more or less complete. She brought out a new play, "As in a Looking Glass," based on a book to which people had been attracted by some criticism on its impropriety. The play proved a poor one, but Mrs. Beere had known what she was about. The heroine was a character which suited ber. Lena Despard is a woman who can be portrayed in those strong lights and strong shadows in which this actress delights. Perhaps she belongs Lena I mean properly to the transportine drama. Some years ago Mrs. Beere would have made her to odious to be accepted even in the Strand. Now she plays with a degree of reserve quite new to her and to her audiences. The lowest tones of the voice are used but seldom; the tragic-comic gesture is nostly suppressed; the strident laugh is softened; her movement about the stage has less of the impatience of the caged tigress. She acts with a concentrated power rare on any stage and most effective on any. Nature has not denied her dimensions, senses, affections, passions, or the power of communicating the latter. She does move her hearers; she even manages to stir something akin to sympathy for her very antipathetic heroine, and the undeniable success and great popularity of the piece are due almost wholly to the acting of Mrs. Eernard Beere. G. W. S.

"THOSE HEADS."

THE MYSTERY OF THE PENSION OFFICE. THREE MEN WORKING ON THIRTY THOUSAND YARDS

OF PLASTERING. WASHINGTON, June 18 .- When the history of the Pension Office Court is written it will begin with th inaugural ball and reception to the first Democratic President "after the war." The building was two years old but had reached only the bare walls and a temporary canvas covering on the top. Thousands of yards of cotton cloth, hundreds of flags and cartloads of plants and flowers transformed the great. bare, hardly begun court into a ballroom that was on the whole attractive. When the performance was over, the court was stripped and turned back into the cavern," and is the "cavern" to this day, though two years' work has been put on the building-spread on, so to speak, at the rate of "three plasterers working on thirty thousand square yards of plastering." I quote Deputy Commissioner McLean's mildest expression of feeling. Colonel McLean is not a profane man, but when he talks about the new Pension Office building he is not to be held to a strict account for his adjectives or explctives. "Good heavens!" he said, as the sound of hammers and trowels, picks and shovels, reverberated through the "cavern" uous din, "nobody knows what we endure. Yes, this cursed noise never lets up. It's enough to drive a man mad. If we happen to live till the infernal old ark is finished, which is doubtful, some of us are bound to be insane. Slow is no name for it. Why for weeks they had three men working on thirty thousand square yards of plastering out there! No business firm would stand anything like it, and I don't believe any other government would either. How long do you suppose we would put up with such blank nonsense out West?' The Deputy is from Indiana. "To begin with, we were moved in here when there was one coat of plaster on and the water dripped from the wet ceilings. It was a tough place men, and dirty, too. But it was worse for women; I wonder that half of them are not dead. There have been lime-dust, racket and dampness enough to kill all of us. They have been at it four years and

I don't believe the building is more than half done "The prospect is then that it will run through this

Administration anyhow?'
"Yes. And it will run into the next, too, if they don't put on more plasterers. I should think they would try to make a place for one more on thirty thousand yards," he replied with sarcasm and an ad-

jective to strengthen 1t. "There seems to be statuary-a lot of heads-up on the top walls of the court. Can you tell me whom they represent ?" I asked, partly for information and partly to turn Colonel McLean's thoughts to an agreeable and ornamental feature of the building.

short of a thousand, I should say. I doubt if anybody in this building knows whom they represent or they are stuck up close under the roof, unless for the swallows that nest in the niches. tell people they represent George Washington and myself. You see the heads are so high and so blank little that you can't see what the faces are like, and they pass for George Washington without any dispute. But it's a fair sample of the building. Now instead of fooling away time and money over six or eight hundred heads stuck up right under the roof like so many white balls, why couldn't they go on and finish the offices? I don't like to talk about it often. It stirs me up. Everything is covered with dust. There isn't a clerk here who isn't known on the street because of the lime and other dirt he carries away on

something of a mystery to visitors. They crane their necks and stare till the effort is positively painful, hoping to discover a likeness to somebody. A carefully dressed messenger, with a red rose in his coat and a Twinkle in his eye, said: "Yis! There's a mystery sure about thim. Some says they're Indians and some says they're white Ginerals. But not one of thim knows the truth. But if they'd been put up there on purpose for us to think of in our spare mo-ments they couldn't have been more successful in the mystifvin' of us." And then he added advisedly They say Gineral Meigs himself wouldn't know either.

Further on a workman said in a voice betraying his own unbelief: "They say they're heads of Indian chiefs, all but six. I can't just tell who the six arc, but I believe Admiral Rodgers is one."

"Ah, then they are Army and Navy officers?" "No, I guess not. I don't think that is the Rodgers after all," he replied. "I don't knew if General Meigs himself could tell you. They say he don't know either."

On the other side of the court a watchman said : "Oh, they're no mystery. They're Inguns and all nations, six hundred of them."

"But why six hundred heads to represent the nations of the earth?" Now you've got me," he replied. "Come to look

at them in that light I see it's impossible. No, I don't suppose General Meigs could tell you either." Three galleries or balconies extend around the

court, on which the rooms of the second, third and fourth floors open. Mounting to the first one I accosted a workman whose clothes betokened plaster cast genius.

Two of them are General Meigs and his wife," he said.
"Why General Meigs and why his wife? Can you tell me why they are two of the six white people up there and the rest of the six hundred are Indian

No, he could not, and he turned to a brother artist to help him out, but got no satisfaction. Both de-clared, however, that two of the white heads were General Meigs and his wife, though unable to give any further information. I mounted to the highest balcony, having a railing, brightly bronzed. Here are the skylight rooms, very hot, but intended for books and files. Some of them are already filled with their books and files, lost in the repeated layers of Colonel McLean's "dirk and redes Colonel McLean's "dirt and racket dust." A asked the question, "Can you tell me about heads?" nodding up to the swallows, twittering and busy as bees in nest-building, carried on with a good deal of bird hilarity. They were not much larger than bees either from the height so far above our heads.

our beads.
"th, certainly. These are heads of Indian chiefs, modelled from heads in the Smithsonian, you know. There are three casts of each chief, and in all six hundred."

"They are all Indians, then? I heard there were some white people represented. Is that true?"

"Well, yes. There are half a dozen, but——"

"Ah, who are they?"

"That's what no fellow here can find out. However, if you bring a powerful field-glass you'll make out Washington for one of the six. Nobody knows the other five. And I guess General Meigs couldn't name them either."

I pursued my inquiries no further, but leaving the birds and the heads, went down to the bottom of the "cavern," where things are what they seem and life "cavern," where things are what they seem and life

birds and the heads, went down to the bottom of "cavern," where things are what they seem and I is real. In the centre formed by the eight huge br "cavern," where things are what they seem and life is real. In the centre formed by the eight huge brick pillars the work of floor tiling is going on as rapidly as could be expected. It is but fair to say that the tiles are laid more quickly than the plaster was lain on the "thirty thousand square yards." The columns supporting the baleonies are bronzed and are effective by contrast with the white walls of the court. The large pillars rising from the tiled floor are to be white. The circular basin for a fountain is placed in the middle of the court, and at some future day its spray will sprinkle flowering plants around it. At one end of the court a colored man has pitched his tent, on which is written with blue pencil: "Dining Rooms." The tent is commodious and the interior presents several small tables neatly spread; a lunch counter and cigars are side attractions. The court is a genuine curiosity to strangers, and the frequent visitors cannot fall to wonder a little at the mixture of workmen, clerks, birds, racket-dust and "dining-rooms." The creature comforts obtained in the tent go far to make life tolerable in the new Pension Office building, and to this the proprietor of the blue-pencil "dining-rooms" owes the privilege he enjoys.

# THE THEATRES.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

The senson of the Vokes company came to an end a week ago, and most of the English members of it have returned home. Miss Vokes herself, however, and her husband, Cecil Clay, are still in New-York, and have made up their minds to pass their summer in America. They will shortly start out on a round of visits to their friends in the various seaside resorts, such as Bar Harbor, Newport and Mount Desert. Mr. clay, while chatting to a friend the other day, said: "Now that my wife's health is fully restored, we are as happy and con tented as we can be. Our season ended most prosperously, for even our week in Brooklyn, which we had looked forward to with some degree of apprehension turned out exceptionably profitable. Our returns in Chicago and Philadelphia, too, showed us that my wife's chicago and Philadelphia, too, showed us that my wife is ill health was alone responsible for the comparative fall-ure of our company early in the season. We have about made up our minds to play here next season and shall soon set about the formation of a new company. We are going to have, I am sure, an exceedingly pleasant summer, for both my wife and myself have fallen in love with America."

"At the Lyceum Theatre" The Highest Bidder" is still running to exceedingly good business. Attention is naturally called to the play, or rather to Mr. Sothern, from the discussion which has arisen between Mr. Sothern and Mr. Frohman on the one hand, and Miss Dauvray and Mr. Hayden on the other. As has already been said, there is but little doubt that the affair will be amicably arranged. Mr. Hayden said the other day that he had no intention at all of paying Mr. Sothern's salary and not making use of his services. Should he still re main a member of Miss Dauvray's company he will, ac-cording to Mr. Hayden, act every night of the season unless something unforeseen should happen. This will probably suit Mr. Sothern, for he said himself last week that he was not yet ready to start out with \* The Highest Bidder."

Not much is known as to the new melodrams which Mr. McDonough is to produce to morrow night at Niblo's, under the title of "Travers House." The author's name has not been announced and nothing has seen said about the story of the play, beyond the fact that the scene is partly laid in Italy and partly at an English country house which gives the name to the piece. The east will include Miss Beigarde, Adelaide Stanhope, Horace Rob-inson, Nelson Wheateroft and John T. Sullivan.

The closing of the season at the Madison Square Garden was not a surprise to those who knew the state of affairs. The entertainment was more or less in the nature of an experiment, and the Garden was only rented for one week, and the company was engaged for the same length of time. The recelpts, however, were large enough to warrant a continuance of the entertain ment for another week, had not the orchestra, whose salaries formed an important item in the expense account, struck for ouble pay. This action was forced upon them by the Musical Pro otective Union, and the demand was not made until Friday afternoon. The managers not unnaturally resisted what looked like an attempt at extortion, and preferred to close altogethe attempt at extortion, and preferred to close altogether rather than be buildozed into paying such a large additional amount. It was imposs to engage another orchestra immediately, so complete a control has the union in this city. The scenery, etc., upon which a large sum has been expended, will be used by Mossrs. Hayden, Dickson and Roberts at their summer resort called Pleasure Island, where they are going to give open air opera throughout the summer.

A stout man with a black mustache and a high color has been seen around the St. James Hotel during the last two or three days. This was Joseph Brooks, known as the manager of Robson and Crane. Mr. Brooks came here from Chicago, where, on his own account, he has just produced an elaborate burlesque called "Aladdin."
"The venture," said Mr. Brooks, "was rather a blind one, for the expense attending a production of this size is of course exceedingly large. I am glad to say, however, that since the first night the theatre has been crowded, and I think there is no doubt whatever as to its being a success. Though we call it a burlesque, it is really more in the nature of the English pantomine, as that entertainment is given at Drury Lane and other large English theatres. We have ballets without number, transformation scenes and bright music. One rather startling effect seems to have made an impression on Chicago. The opening scene is a dark, gloomy grotto. Suddenly, after the action of the piece has proceeded for some time, a volume of steam bursts from the stage, and in a second forms an impenetrable veil, hiding entirely the rear of the stage. This continues for a few seconds, when just as suddenly it disappears and a gorgeous brightly-lit transformation scene is visible. The effect of this on the audience on the first night was remarkable. of this on the audience on the first night was remarkable. They literally jumped on their seats and howied with delight. We shall run the piece in Chicago through the summer, and after taking it to Boston will probably come to New-Yerk with it and produce it at Nibio's in the fail." Speaking of Robson and Crane's prospects Mr. Brooks asid: "Bronson Howard's new councily is practically finished, and before long will be in rehearsal. It will first be seen in New-York, where our season opens. The play is in no sense a farce comedy, for even the parts written for Robson and Crane have no element of low comedy in them. I have engaged Mr. Lethcourt, a well-known English actor, who has been seen here with Mr. Boucheault's company, for leading business. I have also strengthened the company in various other directions."

the conjurer Hermann at the Bijou Opera House admits of a simple explanation. The contract Mr. Hermann first made with Messrs Miles and Dixey called for an engagement of two weeks to be renewed at the option of figure. A subsequent contract made by Mr. Hermann with Mr. Stetson forbade his appearing for more than two weeks in New-York City prior to his season at the Fifth Avenue. Mr. Hermann thus found himself in a rather uncomfortable position. The management of the Bijou Opera House naturally wished him to continue in view of the exceedingly profitable nature of his engagement, while he on his part wished, to close when the two weeks were up so as not to prejudice his next season's engagement. So a delightful uncertainty prevailed, and perhaps for the first time in the history of amusement it was to an entertainer's advantage to play to low receipts. However, in the middle of last week the matter was amicably arranged and Mr. Hermann was released by the Bijou Opera House people.

Both andience and company at Wallack's seem to "have been unfavorably affected by the distressingly hot night which ushered in "Jacquette." There was a certain flatness about the performance which led to unfavorable prognostications as to its future success with the public. The cool weather which followed seemed to sweep these away, for on Fuesday and Wednesday nights Mr. Mo-Caull had to display the "standing room only " sign. Canil had to display the "standing room only" sign. During July the theatre will probably be closed for a week in order to give the company a much-needed rest, and when it is reopened it is possible that the new opera, "Bellmann," over which Mr. McCaull is enthusiastic, will be produced.

Among the pieces purchased by Imre Kiralfy from M Ravel is a pantonime of "Blanca the Magic Sword." This piece will be put upon the road by Mr. Kiralfy next season and the models for the scenery, transformations and tricks are now being prepared by Jerome Ravel and will be sent here within a few weeks. The ballet for the production of "Lagardere" at Niblo's will arrive here about the middle of July, when Mr. Glimore will

There is no appreciable falling off in the audiences at the Casino, where "Erminie" seems likely to go on for-ever, like a certain well-known brook. Unlike the generality of theatres in this city, the Casino is rather better patronized the hotter the weather may be. This, of course, is due to the allurements of the roof garden.

It has been known for some time that among the important engagements contemplated by the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau was that of Coquelin ainethe well-known French comedian. It is not, however, true as has been rather widely stated that the contract with him is stready signed. Everything is practically certain, but Maurice Grau must go to Paris before things are absolutely completed. This engagement does not look to the appearance of M. Coquelin in this country next season; he will wait until the fall of 1888 to come over. He will appear in a repertory including not only his chief comedy parts, but such picturesque ones as Don Casar and Mephistopheles in a version of Goethe's "Faust" which he has prepared for himself. It is fair to conclude that M. Coquelin's idea of the part will differ materially from that of Mr. Irving, for it was his criticlam on this part in a recent article that Mr. Irving resented. Mr. Abbey, it is announced, has engaged as has long been known as a favorite London comedian. It is also said that the opening piece at Wallack's next season will be "Featherbrain." This is adaptation of "Tete de Linotte," a somewh French farce which had a long run in Paris. This is a Criterion

Nat C. Goodwin has been in this city during the last week, having closed his season under the management of Mr. Barton in Boston. It is an open secret that the relations between manager and actor have not been particularly pleasant of late. Mr. Goodwin's unfortunate state of health was, no doubt, responsible for the fre quency with which he declined to appear, but Mr. Barton says he will possibly before long have an interesting statement to make to the public. Mr. Goodwin sails shortly for Europe. He declares that he is going to retire for eight weeks to Switzerland and live there quietly, occupying himself by studying the parts for his next season's tour, which will be conducted under his own management. One of his principal plays for next year will be "The Gold Mine," originally written for and pro-duced by John T. Eaymond.

Yesterday A. M. Palmer started for Chicago, where his company has been playing for the last two weeks. During this time "Jim the Penman" has been drawing good houses, and it is probable that it will run for agy

continue it for more than three weeks at the longest.
Before leaving Mr. Palmer expressed his gratification at the success with which he was meeting in the West, for during the first week the receipts were larger than those ever drawn before by a Madison Square company. From a financial point of view Mr. Palmer is secure in any case, for he is guaranteed a certain sum by J. H. McVicker, the Chicago manager.

M. WILSON'S MAN ROUVIER.

A MINISTRY FORMED TO AID STOCK-JOB-BING OPERATIONS.

[PROM THE RESULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Richard Mansfield still continues to draw good house with "Prince Karl" at the Madison Square Theatre. It seems to have an even stronger hold upon the affections of the public this year than it had isst. Although last week was marked by some tolerably hot weather the business was even larger than during the week before, and on Friday night, when the 500th performance was celebrated with some little ceremony and display, the house was absolutely full, as far as the lower portion was concerned. The production of the new concedy recedes further and further into the future as each week comes round, and though it will doubtless be produced before the close of the season, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," will not be offered to the public until Mr. Mansfield appears at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in the fall. of the public this year than it had last. Although last

## LITERARY JEALOUSIES.

From The Chicago News.

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The internecine war which is raging between the Pinkertons has naturally created a great stir in Chicago. The Messis. Robert A. and William A. Pinkerton have brought legal action against Mr. Matthew W. Pinkerton, and will try to enjoin his uttering publications of that character with which the name of Pinkerton is so closely identified. No authors are better known in the West than these Pinkertons are. Thousands upon thousands of their works are sold annually in the best circles of railroad travellers.

One of our publishers says that "Claude Duval, or the Great Diamond Robbery, had a bigger sale than Dickens, Byron, Thackeray. Browning and all other works of contemporary authors combined. "Jesse James, the Bandit King," had a run of forty editions, and has been immortalized in a dramatization which reaped a golden harvest in the provinces

other works of contemporary authors combined.

"Jesse James, the Bandit King," had a run of forty editions, and has been immortalized in a dramatization which reaped a golden harvest in the provinces until the enforcement of the nefarious interstate Commerce bill made its continuance impracticable, william Skinner, or the Sandbagger's Retribution," enjoyed a sale of 60,000 coptes; "Camelia Rivers, or the Bunko-Steerer's Bride" ran through ten editions and has been translated into a number of the dead languages.

So we might go on enumerating the vast literary successes of these versaille and fecund authors; the influence which their works have exerted upon our civilization must have been enormous. What wonder is it therefore that the news that the gifted gentlemen have quarrelled should agitate the reading public from centre to circumferedce!

Dr. Poole, city librarian and president of the American Historical Society, tells us that jealousy among literary people is no uncommon thing. He says that Ben Jonson was jealous of Shakespeare, that Sphoeles hated Aschylus, that Lope de Vega despised Cervantes, that Thackeray envied Dickens, that Charles H. Hoyt criticised Sardou, that Balzac detested Hoffmann, that Petrarch abhorred Dante, and so on ad infinitum. History, so Dr. Poole says, is full of the jealousies, the bickerings and the contentions of literary men.

"From the date of the flood down to the times of

and so on a transmission of the jealousies, the bickerings and the contentions of literary men.

"From the date of the flood down to the times of the Salem witcheraft," says he, "the world has been kept in a stew by rival authors. Centuries ago the poets used to engage in competitive drills—that is to say, they recited in public certain original sagas, and the successful poet invariably passed the rest of his life in fighting holmgangs with the jealous poets whom he had discomfited. In these days the disputes of authors are carried on through the columns of the newspapers and are settled in the courts. It is unhappy, very unhappy business, but it is human nature and society must bear it as best it can. There is no doubt that if, instead of worrying this affair out in the courts, the Pinkertons would engage in an old-fashioned holmgang the world would be better off, but this is out of the question. So the whole machinery of local literature will remain out of gear until this deplorable misunderstanding has been adjusted."

### A RUSSIAN WOMAN'S STORY.

ARUSSIAN WOMAN'S STORY.

From Krapotkine's Russian and French Prison.

Madame C.—, nee kontouroff, was found guilty of opening a school for peasants' children independently of the Ministry of Public Instruction. As her crime was not penal, and as, moreover, she was married to a foreigner, General Gourko morely ordered her to be sent over the frontier. This is how she desertices her journey from at Fretershing to Frussia. I shall give extracts from her narrative without comment, merely premising that its accuracy, even to the minutest detail, is absolutely unimpeachable.

"I was sent to wilno with fifty prisoners—men and women. From the railway station we were taken to the town prison and kept there for two hours, late at night, in an open yard under a drenching rain. At least we were pushed into a dark corridor and counted. After many oaths and much foul language the fire was lighted, and I found myself in a spacious room in which it was impossible to take a step in any direction without treading on the women who were sleeping on the floor. Two women who occupied a best took pity on me and invited me to share it with them.

"When I awoke next morning I was still suffering from the scenes of yesterlay, but the female prisoners—assassins and thieves—were so kind to me that by-and-by I grew caim. Next night we were 'turned out' from the prison and performed them under a storm of blows and curses, those who protested—saying that they ought not to be beaten—were put in itons and sent so to the train, in the teeth of the law, which says that in the cellular wagons no prisoner, shall be chained. Arrived at Kovno we spent the whole day in going from one police station to another. In the evening we were taken to the prison for women. Here I spent a week among murderesses, thieves and women arrested by mistake. Misfortune unites the unfortunate and everytody tried to make life more tolerable for the rest; all were very kind to me and did their best to console me. On the prisoners are brought to the prison they receive no

"Affer a week's stay in Kovno I was sent on foot to After a week s say in Novi and a war and to the next town. After three days' march we came to Mariampol; my feet were wounded and my stockings full of blood. The soldiers advised me to ask for a full of blood. The soldiers advised me to ask for a car, but I preferred physical suffering to the continuous cursting and foul language of the chiefs. All the same, they took me before their commander, and he remarked that I had walked three days and so could walk a fourth. We came next day to Wolkowsk, from whence we were to be sent on to Prussia. I and five others were put provisionally in the depot. The women's department was in ruins, so we were taken to the men's.

"I did not know what to do, as there was no place to slit down, except on the dreadfully filthy floor. Set me vomiting instantly. Here I spent two days and two nights, passing the whole time at the window. On the third day a soldier of the depot, a Jew, took me into his room, a tiny cell, where I stayed with his wife.

wife.

"The prisoners told me that many of them were detained 'by mistake' for seven or eight months awaiting their papers before being sent across the frontier. It is easy to imagine their condition after a seven months' stay in this sewer without a change awaiting their papers before being sent across the frontier. It is easy to imagine their condition after a seven months' stay in this sewer without a change of linen. They advised me to give the Jailer money, as he would then send me on to Prussia immediately. But I had been six weeks on the way already and my letter had not reached my people. At last the soldier allowed me to go to the postoffice with his wife, and I sent a registered letter to St. Petershurg." Madame C—— has inducental kinsfolk in the capital, and in a few days the Govern-r-General telegraphed for her to be sent on instantly to Prussia. "My papers (she says) were discovered immediately, and I was sent to Eydtkunen and set at liberty." It must be owned that the picture is horrible. But it is not a wint overel arged. To such of us Russian as have I ad to do with prisons, every word rings true and every seene looks normal. Oaths, fifth, brutality, bribery, blows, hunger—these are the essentials of every ostrog and of every depot from Kovno to Kamehatka, and from Archangel to Erzerum.

A CORKER.

From The Chicago News.

"If our plans are carried out," said Mr. J. Archibald Slumley Jones yesternay, "we shall soon have in Chicago the largest editorium in the world. There is no reason why these plans should not be carried out, for we have a barrel of money and can get another barrel. The truth of it is that we've got tired of hearing European travellers brag about the Closhum of Rome and the La Scaly at Mylan and the Don Carlos at Naples. We've just quietly made up our minds to build an octorium that will knock these foreign theatres cold. We propose to show the world that we've got the money and the culture and the sand to do it."

Odtorium is a Latin compound; it is derived from the two words "fillot" and "aurum"; from the same root comes the old saw, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Colond Beasley McIntyre, who has subscibed

colonel Beasley McIntyre, who has subscibed Sco.000 to the princely scheme, says that the offorium will have a "seating capacity for 75,000 souls." It will be built of stone, brick and iron and will be absolutely fireproof. The style of architecture will be mixed—borie, Sapphie, Ionic, Sulpharic and Physic, with a dash here and there of the Lewis K. Torz renaissongs. The theatorium will be in the shape of a ham; there will be orchestra stalls upon the main floor, then four rows or galactics of private boxes, and floor, then four rows or galactics of private boxes, and floor, then four rows or galactics of private boxes, and floor, then four rows or galactics of private boxes, and floor, then four rows or galactics of private boxes, and floor, then four rows or galactics of private boxes, and floor, then four rows of balconies. The tapestry drop-curtain will be 130 feet long, 100 feet high and five inches thick, and it will be illuminated with a handpain of nympbs approaching chicago over the Michigan Central Raifroad and under the Interstate Commerce bill in a long train of Pullman palace cars. Large sounding-boards will be placed here and there to increase the accostics of the hall. In the basement there will be a barber-shop and a Turkish bath, which, to use the words of Colonel Meintyre, "will be a face smile of the famous Roman baths of Carascalla." The building will be about fifteen stories high, the highest artificial structure on the continent except Pike's Peak and Long John Wentworth.

This imposing oddorium will be used on special occasions only-for political conventions, opera festivals, schools of summer pullosophy. National butchers' Beasley McIntyre, who has subscribed

This imposing odderium will be used on special occasions only-for political conventions, opera festivals, schools of summer philosophy. National butchers' conventions, Thomas concerts, literary reunions and the like. It will cost about \$6,000,000, but it will be a corker.

of invigoration, a term which also imports, in this instance, quietade. The nervous have but to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically to overcome that supersensitiveness of the human sensorium, which is subversive of all bodily comfort and mental tranquitity, and which reacts most hurtfully upon the system. Be difficulty underlying this, as well as many other allments, is imperfect assimilation, no less than incomplete digestion of the food. In the discharge of both the directive and assimilative functions the Bitters are the most potent, the most reliable auxiliary. As the body regains vigor and regularity by its aid, the brain and nervous apstem are also benefited. Persons subject to the infinence of malaria, dyspeptic and rheumatic invalida, and persons whose kidneys are inactive, should also use the Bitters.

Henri Brisson. She is far more estimable than her

PARIS, June 3.
The advent of the Rouvier Ministry has been the event and the scandal of the week. It is to be explained by the age of M. Grevy (eighty-one), the embarrassed affairs of his son-in-law, M. Wilson, the intrigues of the German speculators who in pursuance of a mot d'ordre from Berlin cornerea General Boulanger, and the President's fear, should M. Clemenceau and his friends come into office, of either an income tax, simple or "progressive," or of a tax on capital. The President's mind fast declines and he has been so scared during the Schnaebeles excitement at the prospect of war that cowardice makes him mulishly obstinate. Besides if M. Wilson were not able to right his involved pecuniary affairs M. Grevy would have to come to his relief. Now there is nothing of which the President, notwithstanding his affectionate disposition, is so fond as of his money.

As to the son-in-law's affairs, M. Wilson, believing

last January and February that war was immi-

nent, liquidated most of his business concerns, and with a loss. He also made his book on the Bourse last April on a heavy fall, he anticipating a fight about Schnaebeles. But as there was none, he attempted in the month of May to recoup by speculating on a rise, which, owing to the Judeo-German corner would have been impossible if Boulanger had remained in office. Neither M. de Freycinet nor M. Floquet would consent to this condition. Hence the spokes which were put in the wheels of the latter by the President, and the enorts of M. Grevy to get men of less independent characterito take office. Hence, also, the strennous efforts that he made to talk round some Radicals of weak character to enter the Reuvier Cabinet. One of these was the rich Cuban mulatto, M. de Heredia, who thrice backed out of the Rouvier team and was thrice brought back by the personal intervention of the President. But no persuasion was strong enough to bring any Admiral into the new Cabinet. For why-there was not one who could bring himself to sit at the same table with M. Rouvier as a colleague, or shake hands with hun. The Minister of Finance was too deeply dishonored in many ways for any Admiral in the service to touch him with a tongs. But what rendered him so offensive to the gallant seamen who refused to come into his Cabinet made him all the more suitable for the purnoves of the German speculators here, and to Prince Bismarck, M. Ronvier rendered himself also a persona grata to the Rothschilds and other finaniers who are managers of great French railway companies, through the railway companies which were so advantageous to them and so injurious to the National exchequer. His advent to office could not therefore fail to give an ascending movement to the Bourse, and especially if General Boulanger was to be excluded from the Ministry. General Boulanger is hateful to these Bourse barons because he places National interests above their proprietary rights and was bringing in a bill which would enable him in case of war to put his hand upon the iron roads and make them an instrument of attack or defence. He was also so little a respector of wealth that in the bill he was preparing for the reorganization of the army he did not give any privilege to the sons of millionaires, but carried out rigorously the principle of equality.

The Rouvier Ministry came into office at the nick of time to enable M. Wilson to recoup some of his losses by the hedging process. The rise of 30 centimes in the hundred france in French rentes a few hours just on the eve of the monthly settlement took place in time to suit his book. Had the advent of the Cabinet been delayed a single day, M. Grevy would have been obliged to make good the differences of his son-in-law. This prospect made him lay aside his easygoing indifference to Parliamentary storms and crises, and rouse hunself from his inertia. A quarter of a century ago he had amiable relations with Madame |Rouvier, who was then known as Madame Claude Vignon and was a secret service agent of the Emperor, and on intimate terms with the Duo de Morny and Baron Haussman. M. Grevy has an old tenderness for her which served the husband no doubt in the crisis. Madame Rouvier, I dare say, was the intermediary between the President and the Reactionary part of the Chamber, whose leaders he consuited, although he steadily ignored M. Clemenceau. She used to be on most amiable terms with M. Dalloz, the archmillionaire and owner of the Moniteur. M. Dalloz was a Clerical and Orleanist, and he was the mainstay in journalism of the Orleanist party from the time the Empire fell to the day of his own death,

Again, the administrative departments of the Office here is the linest flusting ground in the world for dishonest contractors and jobbers, who want to make rapid fortunes. General Bonianger has his faults. But he is a man of very line intuihas his faults. But he is a man of very line intuitions and impulses, is ambitious of popularity, is very indifferent to chances of pecuniary gains, is perhaps one of the best men of business who have ever been at the head of the French Army, and is altogether out of touch with men of the money-grabbing sort. When he obtained the high post from which he has just retired, he at once made up his mind that he would have to choose between his mind that he would have to choose between his duty to the State, the soldier, and his love of popularity, and the hatred of M. Wilson's creatures. The choice was soon made, and he went about his reforms with a sprightly energy that made him the idol of the soldier and of the soldier's father and mother, aunt, uncle and personal friends. It was astonishing what he squeezed out of the \$200 in astonishing what he squeezed out of the \$200 in procuring comfort for the private and transforming barracks from being piggeries into neat abodes for human beings. General Farre himself told me, to give me an example of the robbery and jobbery at the War Department, that he refused for six months to sign a contract which would ensure a difference of \$600,000 to the contractors and Opportunist jobbers through whom they acted. He had to go out because he was obstinate, and three days after his successor came in it was signed. The portunist jobbers through whom they acted. He had to go out because he was obstinate, and three days after his successor came in it was signed. The General who succeeded him was Billot. I don't say that he was dishonest. But he was notoriously negligent, and dishonest men and men who were slack in business had under him a good time generally. Well, these people, who all hated General Boulanger, have at the Elysse a chum in General Brugere, who has replaced the lawented General Pittie as the President's military secretary.

You can see from the above what influences have

operated on M. Grevy, in bringing him to ignore M. Clemenceau, who now is virtual head of a solid party of 150 in a split up Chamber, and to send for M. Ferry and M. Ribot to consult them, although the former is now only able to dispose of sixty Ferryites and the latter of seven demi-Orleanists, calling themselves Conservatives. M. Clemenceau was determined to stand by General Boulanger; and Germany was working on M. Grevy's fears and love of luore to keep the popular General from coming back to office. His successor is a logy General, Ferron, who is a good engineer, but as cold and stiff as an icicle and with about as much driving power or "go,"

who is M. Rouvier? An ex-bagman and then a clerk in a Grack corn importer's house at Marseilles. I could never endure him since I read the accounts he furnished to the National Defence Government he furnished to the National Defence Government for "military" expenses he incurred at Marseilles in the Terrible Winter. He got himself named a "civil general" by M. Alphonse Gent, an impudent Jew whose family in irony gave themselves a name which was a construction of Gentile. This M. Gent soon after the Fourth of September got M. Gambetta to name him. Project of the Bonches du Rhone, of which county Marseilles is the chief town M. Gent in turn namen M. Kouvier "civil general." It was easier to be this than a private volunteer and much more lucrative. The duties of the "civil general" lay in a camp near Marseilles, and from the accounts he furnished to the War Department must have been of a charming kind. I remember the accounts he furnished to the War Department must have been of a charming kind. I remember in them champagne funches and dinners, carriages for ladies, bouquets for ladies, and other such teems which came to pretty stiff totals. What ladies needing carriages and quaits and ortolans and champagne and bouquets wanted at the camp, and what particular reason the very "divil" general had in taking them there, did not appear. The Assembly at Versadles was going to make a row about his little bill when he married an ex-pretty woman who wrote for the Orleanist and Clerical Moniteer, who was on capital terms with M. Dalloz, its manager, and was very much patronized by a Moniteur, who was on capital terms with M. Dalloz, its manager, and was very much patronized by a good ratured Reactionist punster, M. de Tillancourt, who was a bachelor and wanting himself to get married. He had a fortune of \$60,000 a year and was socially sociking the most induential member of the Assembly. He naturally took a lement view of the otherings made at the cost of the State to ladies in the came near Marseilles and got his monarchical colleagues to say no more about them. Mmc. Rouvier's first husband, whom she married so long ago as 1848, was a priest who took holy orders under the name of Coustans. She did not long remain with him, and took advantage of an ambiguous phrase in the Cohecordat to get her marriage neclared null. The repudiated husband, every profession being closed against him because profession being closed against as an unfrocked priest, set up

husband, who is the last man in the world whe should seek the friedship of a party which tried to make him out as bad a moneter as any one held as to horror in Mr. Stead's "Modern Babylon" articles. This was done by means of criminal proceedings which at the time startled Paris. They were to have served as a preliminary, to askfing the Parliament for leave to prosecute M. Rouvier. I myself heart his wife say that the whole affair was a revolting conspiracy of the Ducal Government which was in office when a charge was brought against him. I believe that the Government of the day put on all steam to make him out guilty in order to force him to reveal secrets of M. Gambetts which, if they became known, would have compremised him. What was against M. Rouvier was this Instead of knocking down the man who made the revolting charge against him, or at least treating him with contempt, he assured him he was mistaken and offered to shake hands with him. Admitting his innocnce in this ugly business, which fully do, I say he is all the more contemptible for trying now to govern with the men who got up the case against him, and for the benefit of monarchical reaction against the Radical Republicans.

### A CITY HOME.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A HOUSE-HUNTER

We were standing before and gazing at a new, nice. looking three-story and basement house, situated on a pleasant street in a good and growing neighborhood. The owner of the property was with us, and Prudence interrupted a glowing culogium upon its merits with this question.

"Well, no, it hasn't any cellar, ma'am, and if you'll step inside you'll see that it don't need any. There is plenty of room in that house for a small family without

"But it isn't a question of room," Prudence explained "it's a question of health. We wouldn't think of buying a house without a cellar."

"Oh, there's no question about the house healthy, ma'am. It stands as you see for yourself on about the highest ground in New-York. The soil, as I've told you, can't be beat, and I'll warrant the plumbing to be A No. 1. We're not building houses with cellars as much as we used to. Why not ! Well, there are people

who don't like them."

a "Don't like them!" exclaimed Prudence.

""Don't like them, ma'am. A lady came to me the other day to inquire about the houses I'd got to sell. I told her what I had, and the one which seemed to please her best didn't have a cellar. In describing the house I mentioned that fact. 'That wouldn't make any difference,' she said; 'for on the whole I'd prefer a house without a cellar. Servants are apt to use a cellar as a receptacle for all sorts of things. Whatever they don't know what to do with they throw down cellar. The result is that it gets littered up in no time. I know most folks think that a house that doesn't have a cellar extending under the basement and kitchen can't be healthy. But I'm not one of them. My present house is minus a cellar, but we manage to keep as well as our neighbors. I'm telling you just what that lady said to me. Step inside, Mrs. Scudder."

But Prudence begged to be excused. "Thank you very much, sir, but it really would be of no use for us to go through the house. For howevermuch it might please us in other respects, its having no cellar would be a fatal objection. There are scores of modern improvements that I would readily dispense with, but a cellar I regard as

one of the essentials of a house. Good morning."

"Well, good morning, ma'am." We were half-inclined to suspect that the anti-cellar woman whom the builder produced as a corrective of our own views was simply an extemporization of his gifted imagination. But a few days later we actually met her, or at least her counter-part. Our attention had been attracted to a house advertised for sale on the — Side. "Inquire of the owner on the premises." We inquired. The hell was answered by a lady who announced herself the owner. Having inspected and praised the parlor floor—it was really very attractive-Prudence produced her leading

" Has it got a cellar ! "

" It has not."

"Do you not regard the absence of a cellar as a serious

"I do not," replied the lady, in decided tones. "I done and that the walls which rest upon the foundations are amply protected against the possibility of dampness by the stone and concrete in which they are embedded. Besides, madam. I object to a celiar because every time the door leading to it is left open-something, as you know, that happens pretty often—the raw, disagreeable cellar air is distributed through the upper stories."

Prudence did not tarry to argue the point. When we had regained the street I told her that I had a good suggestion to give her.
"Let's hear it, Richard."

"Suppose we hire a tall, able-bodied man to march in front of us as we go house-hunting, holding aloft a transparency bearing the legend, 'Give me a Celiar or give me Death.'"

"I wouldn't put it as strong as that," answered

Prudence. "I'd compromise on 'Give me a Cellar or I'll take Rheumatism.'" The location of the bath-room was another subject of dispute between us and some of those that had property

to dispose of. For whereas we favored a bath-room in the second story of the "extension" which was posbath-room in the middle of the main second story was In the extension was a sanitary precaution-it cut it off from the house proper. "Yes," the answer was, "but the trouble is that when you raise the window in your extension bath-room to air the room the door is apt to be open. And if the door is open a current is formed and the gases of the bath-room are taken into instead of out of the house. The bath-room in the middle of the house is not open to this objection, and if care is taken in build provide an ample shaft leading to the roof, thus securing thorough ventilation, there is no reason it should not give entire satisfaction.

character of the woodwork in certain of the houses which we hunted. Some of it made such a desperate attempt to deceive the confiding public Prudence used to declare that she did not see how this sort of woodwork ore the fearful strain to which it was subjected

" Meaning what by fearful strain ! " I inquired. "Well, think of pine being strained to make it pass for charry, and that bogus cherry being expected to pass for manogany! I call that subjecting wood to a fearful pressure."

We grew to be suspicious of brand-new houses which on inspection proved to be swept, garnished, papered and decorated from top to bottom. They looked so hand-some that, remembering how often beauty is only skin cop, we were inclined to doubt, after receiving a hint or

two from the knowing, if they were as good as they seemed to be. One or two of them proved to be gay deceivers, sham houses whose beautiful wail paper and trescoes covered a multitude of sins of the builder. One day while we were out doing a little house-hunting we met a friend. He was an old New-Yorker, and or our mentioning what we were doing he shook his head " Now, do go slow. It is so easy for inexperienced

people to make a serious mistake in buying a h this Babel even when they are intelligent and conserv ative. I verily believe, after having had considerable experience with them, that there are no sharper men on the continent than those who make it a business to buy and sell real estate in this city. And some members of the brotherhood are not entirely scrupulous-not en tirely. I remember some years ago mentioning to a nost gentlemanly real estate agent with whom I was slightly acquainted that I'd rent a house if I could find ne that was in all respects first-class. 'You are in luck,' he replied, in earnest tones. 'I can show you a house which will simply delight you. It is in perfect order from top to bottom, and nothing would induce the pres ent tenants to leave if they were to remain in the city. I'd go and see the house immediately if I were you, for it is sure to be snapped up in short order.' I did as he suggested, taking my wife with me. And the house certainly seemed to justify all that the agent had said about it. Nearly all the paper was new and tasteful, and there wasn't a room that didn't look neat as a pin. I hastened from the house to write to the agent making as appointment with him for the following day. Next morning, however, we forturately concluded before signing the lease to take one more look at the premises. This time the tenants were at home—they had been out when we called the day before. Well, our good impres sions of the house were confirmed, but as we turned to depart the man of the house detained me. Then he turned to his wife and said: 'Shall I tell them I' most certainly would, said she. Accordingly he told us. They were moving out not because they had decided to leave town, for they had not, but because they objected to having ceilings tumbling about their heads. One of two had fallen aiready and others seemed on the point of taking the floor. The attention of the agent had beer not committing the owner to make any repairs, declined to the matter, but he made light of it, and the lease not committing the owner to make any repairs, declined to interfere. 'As for the papering that pleases you, remarked the tenant with a sigh,' we did that at our own expense before we found out what sort of ceiling were over us.' Of course we heartily thanked the tenant for his timely warning, and of course I dropped a line to the agent to say that I had concluded not to rent. heard afterward that on learning that the tenants had put us on our guard he setually had the assurance to reprove them for their conduct! Now, you see why I advise you to go slow in buying a house. Take care to find out who you are dealing with."

When our friend had passed on Prudence's commentary upon his piece of advice was: "I suspect that there are builders and muiders, and real estate agents the content of their and none of their and none of most certainly would,' said she. Accordingly he told us